

## A Word Afterwards

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Summary: A fluffy one shot based on the letter Theron sends Zane after he disappears into the Odessen wilds in the latest chapter.

## A Word Afterwards

**\*\*A/N:** This drabble was inspired by Theron's letter to a romanced Outlander in the latest chapter. I have yet to actually play Zane through but jediserenity82 shared a screenshot with me. It made me think about how Theron would react to Zane's disappearance. The next thing I knew I was writing it down.\*\*

**\*\*A Word Afterwards\*\***

### \_Zane's POV\_

It had been an incredibly long day. Between the original mission, my forced adventure into the Odessen wilds, and the rescue mission, we were both drained mentally, emotionally, and physically. After a long debrief, covering the missions and my disappearance, we dragged ourselves back to Theron's quarters, hoping to rest before duty called yet again.

While I quickly started stripping off my gear, Theron ducked into adjoining refresher. I dropped my armor in a pile in a corner. I just didn't have the energy to deal with it right now. I peeled off the sweat soaked shirt and skin tight pants I wore underneath and threw them into a nearby hamper. My boxer briefs quickly followed. Grabbing a pair of black shorts, I slipped them on. Picking up a datapad, I lay down on my side of the bed and leaned back against the headboard. Opening up the mail function, I scanned the contents. A letter from my mate caught my eye and I opened it.

"Oh gods," I mumbled, as I read it through.

Finishing it, I took a deep, slow breath and closed my eyes. The last thing I wanted to do was cause Theron more pain. "Frack!" I growled, thumping the back of my head against the wall behind me.

When I lost radio contact with the base, I'd been so worried about the ongoing mission to Zakkul and escaping the situation I found myself in, I didn't give any thought to what Theron must be going through, all the pain and worry. I hated what the whole mess had done to him—again.

Putting the pad in my lap, I scrubbed my hands through my hair. He told me about how badly he handled the news of my 'death,' the fact that he'd tried to numb the pain of my loss with alcohol, and how he'd given himself alcohol poisoning. He'd lost consciousness on his apartment floor, fully expecting to never wake again. It broke my heart to know I came so close to losing him. I owed Jace everything for finding Theron in time.

Lana's less than sympathetic behavior irritated me, no it pissed me off. She was well aware of our relationship. Theron's pacing, had shown how just badly he was worried for me, yet instead of offering even a kind word, she threatened to tie him to a damned chair. It was past time I had a discussion with her about her treatment of Theron and I still hadn't forgiven her for Rishi.

A gagging noise came from the other room, broke me from my thoughts and caused me to sit up straight. "Theron?" I called out.

I gave him a few seconds but he didn't answer me, instead I heard the noise again.

"Are you ok?"

"Not sure," he finally groaned.

Concerned, I stood and hurried to the refresher to check on my mate. I found him on the floor in nothing but his pants. He was kneeling over the stool, sicking up. "Maker babe!" I said.

"M' fine," he said, between gasping breaths.

"No," I disagreed, kneeling down behind him, "you're not." I gently massaged his shoulders as he got sick again.

After a minute or two, the throwing up turned to dry heaves. "Take it easy Theron," I said, as I continued to rub his shoulders and down his back. "Deep breathes, in and out," I directed, "with me." I breathed in deep and slowly let it out. Gradually, his ragged gasps evened out and he was able to time his breathing to mine. Resting against the wall, I pulled him back until he was resting against my chest. Wrapping my arms around his shoulders, I gently kissed the top of his head. "I'm sorry," I whispered in his ear.

Closing his eyes, he leaned deeper into my embrace, seeking some comfort. "It's not your fault," he said softly.

"Maybe not," I allowed, resting my cheek on top of his head, "But I'm the one that vanished."

"Yeah."

"And made you sick with worry," I added.

"Terrified more like," he admitted. "You read the letter?"

"Yes," I said, holding him close to me.

"This is war and I know what that means," Theron said, "I could lose you again," his voice broke and he inhaled sharply. "You could leave me behind, alone."

There wasn't much I could say. There was a very good likelihood I wouldn't survive the coming battles. It was bad enough he knew that, I wouldn't hurt him worse with false platitudes or promises I couldn't keep.

"I won't lie to you," I said, "We know this will get worse before it gets better, if it gets better. I can promise you though; I will do everything in my power to come back to you."

"Zane," he started.

"And," I continued, interrupting him. "You'll never be alone. No matter what happens I'll always be here with you." I kissed his hair.

"I know."

"Plus," I added, "You'll always have Jace, Shane, Hayle and your baby siblings."

"Yeah," he agreed, this time with a small smile.

We sat quietly a few minutes, wrapped in each other and our thoughts. "I love you," I told him.

"I love you too."

"Now, can we get off his floor?" I asked. My legs were cramping and it was cold sitting on the tile.

"Yeah, just let me finish up," Theron said, "my mouth taste awful," grimacing.

The spy stood up, stretched and offered me a hand up. Taking hold, he pulled me to my feet and I used the hold to draw him into another hug. He returned it for a minute, before telling me, "Go or we'll never get any rest."

"Going," I said, walking back into the bedroom. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, I picked up the datapad and glanced at his letter again. One line stuck out, one I hadn't given much thought to, \_"You and me, we're used to danger." \_Suddenly the text hit me in the gut and knocked the air from my lungs. My head knew he took as many chances as I did, that he was just as likely to be hurt or killed as I was but my heart had never realized it. Resting my elbows on my knees, I buried my face in my hands, overwhelmed by the realization that I could lose him.

I sat that way for a minute or two, until a concerned voice asked, "What's wrong?"

Shaking my head, I didn't look up as I answered him, "I just realized something."

"Ok Zane, you're making me a little nervous," Theron said, stepping a little closer, "What's going on?"

Looking up into his hazel brown eyes, I managed to say, "It just dawned on me, you take as many, if not more chances than I do."

"We both lead dangerous lives," he admitted, running a hand through my hair and cupping the side of my face.

"And you could die on one of those god forsaken missions," I choked out, "Just," I continued but shook my head, unable to finish.

"Just?"

"I never had anything to lose before." And it was the truth. I was always the one taking the dangerous chances that could get me killed. I had never been the one left behind before.

"Zane," he said, taking my face into both of his hands and making me look up at him again. "Like you, I won't make worthless promises but I'll do my best to come back to you."

"I know," I whispered, wrapping my arms around his waist and pulling him closer.

We stayed that way for a few minutes, until Theron tipped my head back and whispered, "I love you," before gently kissing my lips. It quickly turned hotter, needier, each of us seeking some reassurance from the other. My hands slipped lower on Theron's back, underneath the waistband of his pants and cupped his ass. When he groaned with pleasure, my tongue slipped into his mouth, deepening the kiss.

Gasping for air, Theron broke the kiss and rested his forehead against him.

"Theron," I said breathily, "I," but he stopped me by shoving me back on the bed and following me on to it. He settled himself between my legs on top and kissed me again.

"Need to feel you," he whispered against my lips, his hand drifting down and stroking my erection over my shorts.

I pressed myself into his hand in answer.

"So hard," he mumbled, as he continued to touch me. He pushed off my shorts, freeing my cock. Grasping my length, he leisurely began to work my cock up and down. "Need to feel you," he said, as his hand slid down and fondled by balls, before his fingers circled my opening.

I arched my back at the feeling and Theron grinned and nipped my neck. "Want me inside you?" he asked between bites and grinding

against me.

"Gods yes," I moaned in answer.

Rolling off me for a minute, Theron reached into the night stand drawer and pulled out the bottle of oil. Settling back on top of me, my lover poured some oil into his hand and slicked his fingers. Spreading my legs further apart, I felt him run his oil covered fingers around my entrance. With no more warning, a finger pushed into me and my back arched off the bed at the feeling.

My body tensed momentarily, as his finger slipped into me. He slowly began to slide the finger in and out, my body relaxed and I moaned in pleasure. After few more times, a second digit joined the first and he scissored them apart stretching me out.

"Theron," I gasped out, "need you," pushing against his hardness. He may be working me but he wasn't unaffected by his efforts. I could feel his length pressing against me.

When a third finger plunged deeply into me, my back arched off the bed with a guttural groan. Grinning, he pulled them out and shoved them into me again, making my breath catch in the back of my throat.

"You want me?"

"Please," I answered, before reaching up with one hand and pulling him down and kissing him, my tongue demanding entrance into his mouth. My other hand wandered to his still pant clad ass. I cupped a cheek and pulled him tighter against me, rubbing my hard cock against him, trying to ease some of my aching need.

Our oxygen starved lungs, left us gasping for air, when he broke the kiss a minute later. I hissed at the loss, when Theron pulled his fingers out, making him chuckle. Reaching between us, he unbuckled his pants and I helped him with his zipper. Together we pushed his pants and briefs off and he kicked them across the room. Grabbing the bottle of lube, he oiled his length and mine. Settling back between my legs, we rested chest to chest, skin to skin, with nothing separating us. I could feel Theron pressing at my entrance, as Theron asked, "Ready?"

"Fuck yes," I said dragging my hands down his back to his butt and grabbing two handfuls.

With a moan, Theron steadily pushed in until he was fully sheathed in the heat of my body. Panting heavily with need, Theron buried his face in my neck and stilled his movements, giving me a moment to adjust to the feelings running through me. After a long moment, I whispered, "Theron," I whispered, rolling my hips against his, encouraging him to move.

Taking the hint, he slowly pulled his cock out until just his tip was inside but instead of thrusting back in, Theron started teasing me, keeping his movements small and never going deep. He was driving me wild but I could tell it was having just as much effect on him. He was taut with need from restraining himself, his breathing was ragged, and he was already coated in a thin layer of sweat.

Fisting the sheets, I ground out, "Theron."

His resolve finally broke and he started driving himself into me, pushing hard and deep with each stroke. The pace he set was fast and brutal but I met him stroke for stroke. We wouldn't last long this way but it was exactly what we needed at the moment, pleasuring and reassuring each other. As his pace became faster and more erratic, Theron buried his face in the crook of my neck, kissing and nipping the flesh.

With a hard stroke, my lover hit that perfect spot inside me, pushing me to the utter edges of my control. When he hit my sweet spot a second time, my back arched off the bed and my heels dug into the mattress. The third time was the charm, pushing me over the edge and I came shouting his name. "Theron!"

Unable to hold out any longer, Theron flew apart and came with one last hard thrust. "Fuck!" he growled, his release rolling over him.

After he finished Theron carefully pulled out of me, rolled over and threw out an arm. Grabbing a rag he'd dropped on the night stand, he wiped himself and me off. Throwing it on the floor, he rolled back over, tugged the covers over us, and cuddled close to me. Wrapping an arm around him, I tried to pull him even closer. Theron rested his head on my chest, our legs tangled together. My favorite position, I loved having him pressed close to me.

As we slowly drifted off, I started gently rubbing my hand up and down Theron's back in a comforting gesture.

"Mmmm," he nearly purred, "that's nice."

"Theron," I said softly, "About your Mother."

"No," he said, shaking his head against my chest. "I don't want to talk about her. Her choices speak louder than words. She doesn't want to be a part of my life and I need to accept that."

"There was a locket," I started to explain.

"What?"

"In her ship," I explained, "She had a locket with a picture inside. It looked like it was a picture of you as a teenager."

Taking a deep breath, he said, "And that's supposed to make up for everything she's missed? For shutting me out of her life? Hiding me from my father? She's made choices for us that I'm still paying for."

"I know," I said, continuing to stroke his back, trying to comfort him.

"Anyway," he continued, this time I could feel him smile, "I've got a family and a mother."

"Hayle," I supplied.

"Hard to believe," he said, with a chuckle, "She's not that much

older than me but she's been more of a Mom to me than my own mother ever was."

"She has," I agreed. "We've been blessed," thinking of Shane. Hayle took on so much when she married Jace. I owed her more than I'd ever be able to pay back.

"We have," he said, sleepily, rubbing my chest. "Now sleep. I'm exhausted."

"Yes sir," I rumbled with a grin. Kissing his spiky hair, I closed my eyes and started to drift offâ€¦

A/N: Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed it. As always, reviews are greatly appreciated!

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End  
file.